Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good news:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt dye at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for this news,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true deſent,
God knows I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious mind.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinkes not one it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to dye my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo it fals out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and ſo twill doe
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do and I haue well deſerud it,
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L. where is your Boare ſpeare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall counſels.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,
VVas it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſd their ſtates was ſure,

And

And indeede had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my Lord ſhall we to the Tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not th
This day thoſe men you talke of are beheade
Sta. They for their truth might better wea
Then ſome that haue accuſed them weare th
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. S*
Haſt. Go you before Ile follow preſently.
Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.
Haſt. Well met *Haſtings*, how goes the wo
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good *Lo*
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me
Then when I met thee laſt where now we me
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower.
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes alies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpend tho
He giues him his purſe.
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur.*
Haſt. What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exe
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content yo
Enter Buckingham.
Buc. How now *Lord Chamberlaine*, what
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the P
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this ho
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde
What, go you to the Tower my *Lord*?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence,
Haſt. Tis like enough for I ſtay dinner the
Buc. And ſupper too although thou knowe